

Title: Shadow: Wraithlrd, Pt: 1

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Author: Shadow

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It was an odd looking knife, created long before Seth was born. For one thing it wasn't symmetrical. The handle curved to one side, lined with soft leather all the way to the hilt. Eight runes had been carved around the handle just below the blade, dyed in what Seth could only assume was blood. The blade was not very wide, but it still stretched a good five or six inches from the handle to the tip. Its edges were just as sharp as they looked, and could peel a good amount of skin off if handled improperly. There was no doubt that this knife was created for combat.

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The house was now no more than a shack. The front door lay a few feet in front of the porch, torn completely from the hinges. On the side lay a burning pile of what appeared to be his furniture and some personal belongings. The windows were smashed in as well, with glass scattered all across the grass. But these were all details in his mind; Seth was completely focused on the body that lay next to the tipped-over outhouse.

The sight of Andrea unconscious made Seth lose all sense of instinct as he raced to her side. He didn't see the slender strand of string stretching from the house to the outhouse. Didn't see the crouching man ducked down behind the pile of furniture waiting to be tossed into the inferno. Didn't see anything until it was too late. His feet clumsily tripped over the tight strand, making Seth crash to the ground. He rolled over just in time to see a grinning, toothless man raise the handle of his dagger and smash it into his face. Then there was

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"Well looks like our catch be awake. I was wondering when we could start the fun." The large man strode over to where Seth was tied and grinned, staring straight into his eyes. The man turned to walk away, only to spin around and punch Seth directly in the stomach. The brigand only chuckled as Seth dropped to his knees coughing. "And that's just the start little man," he said as walked over to where the other two men had moved. It looked as if those men were tying his hides to a tree across the small clearing in the forest. Only it wasn't his hides, it was Andrea.

Seth squirmed against his restraints, trying to find some way to save her. The large man walked over to the other two, said a few hushed words, nodded, and came back over to the tree Seth was tied to. "Quite a good time we've already had tonight.

Between your belongings and food we've had quite a party. But unfortunately for you its about to end, as we have to be moving along." The man motioned with his right hand, and the stool Andrea stood on was kicked away. She fell for a fraction of a second before the tope went tight against her neck.